

"SIS" HOPKINS ON HER HONEYMOON



FRANK MINZEY AND MRS. MINZEY (SIS HOPKINS).

Cassopolis, Mich., July 22.—At last "Sis" Hopkins has found some one who would do something for her, so she did something for him—she married him!

Yes, it is true. Rose Melville, famous through just one saying: "I ain't a-goin' to do nuthin' for nobody that don't do nuthin' for me"—was married to her leading man, Frank Minzey, just two weeks ago in the "little church around the corner" in

THE FAMOUS RUBE CHARACTER ACTRESS GIVES SOME MATRIMONIAL POINTERS.

Don't you never get married to man that you ain't knowed a long time. A man that won't wait for you, ain't worth the risk.

Every woman needs a man to take care of her, even if only to teach her swimmin'!

Allus be fair enough ter meet yer husband half way, but don't yuh go half way, though, if yuh don't half to!

When yer hitched, don't try to pull separate. Keep your ear agin your partner's.

A woman is allus kickin' on how botherin' her kids is, but jest you try tuh take one of 'em away from her once and see!

Rose Stahl Plays Lead in New Play At 14 Yrs.



ROSE STAHL.

Year after year Rose Melville played "Sis Hopkins" because the public wouldn't let her top; for the same reason Phoebe Davis played "Sis" for a year in "Way Down East." If Rose Stahl would let the public have its own way she probably might keep on playing "The Chorus Lady" until she tottered with age. "But not for yours truly," says Miss Stahl in "Chorus Lady" fashion. "If I've got to run all my life on that 'Chorus Lady' track, I'm scratched." Wherefore Henry B. Harris will present Rose Stahl in 1911 in a new play by Chas. Klein.



JANE MARBURY.

Jane Marbury has, perhaps, played more leading parts for her age, than any other American actress. She made her debut as a full-fledged leading woman in a Detroit stock company when she was only fourteen. In the coming season she is to star with Walter Eddinger in the new comedy "Bobby Burnit," which will open in New York.

might be divided into two classes—New York and elsewhere. In the outside country they are apt to take a play of fair merit on elemental lines, whereas New York demands superlative merit if the play deals with very elemental subjects, while it will take a very ordinary play if the latter is sufficiently vaudeville—I mean comically novel. New York wants novelty or it wants the record broken for something or other. I don't mean that New York asks to be shocked, but it wants you to make some contribution to thought on the subject that is tackled.

"There was a time when the American stage drew most of its sustenance from the French," said Mr. Thomas in answer to a question, "but now I think America cares very little about the output of the French stage, because, as a matter of fact, only about five per cent of the French successes are transplantable, owing to the difference in the point of view of the two countries. The elements that go to make up a play are the story, or the complications, and the character drawing. American life is the richest there is in both these things. As for the international play, all countries have the same sort of interest in international subjects—they like to see their own people glorified and the foreigner caricatured.

Campbell's Mule Left Fortune In Tracks; Reaped by Farmers

An old lame mule once hobbled over his master's wheatfield in South Dakota.

It was a perfectly easy thing to do, and seems almost too silly an incident to laud in song and story. But today the whole country is singing the praises of the results of that old lame mule's ramble.

The mule left behind footprints on the sands of time as well as on the wheat field.

The man who owned that mule was H. W. Campbell, then a poor adventurer from the east who was trying to grow wheat in South Dakota according to eastern methods. But it couldn't be done. The soil was hard and dry. The rain came seldom, and when it did come it rolled off the ground like water from a canvasback duck, leaving the ground hard and dry as before.

But several months after Campbell's mule had rambled over the field, Campbell went out to inspect the crop. It presented a discouraging prospect, except in small patches here and there where the grain grew tall and luxuriantly, surrounded by the miserably stunted grain he had tried to cultivate after the eastern fashion.

Campbell made a close inspection and discovered the good grain was growing from the packed footprints of the old mule.

Farmer Campbell decided that what the mule had done unconsciously he could do consciously. So he started out to pack the ground in such a manner as to conserve such moisture as was in the soil.

This was the birth of "dry-farming." But when Campbell started out to convert his neighbors to the new doctrine of dry-farming he was greeted by derisive jeers. No, sir! No "lame mule farming" for them!

The result was that while Campbell grew rich, all his neighbors, who had puttered along meanwhile with eastern methods, grew poorer.

But all of this has now changed. Campbell and other exponents of "dry-farming" have so many followers today that they meet in congress every year to propagate the new doctrine.

The next congress and exposition of the dry farmers—the fifth annual



A FAMILY THAT FOUND ITS FORTUNE IN A "DRY FARM" WHEAT FIELD.

event of the kind—will be held in Spokane, Wash., Oct. 3, 4, 5 and 6 of this year. These men who combine scientific investigation with the art of farming in these arid places of the west, advocate the conservation of rain. What they need, they believe, is not more rain, but a more careful use of the rain which does come. So they plow deep, that the rain may percolate to the roots of their crops, and prepare the surface of the ground by packing and rolling into a fine dust, that the wind and sun may not evaporate the moisture.

Five years ago the dry farming con-

gress had a few hundred enthusiastic members from a few of the western states. Their motives were questioned by many. Today the congress has more than 5000 members from 36 states and territories and 10 foreign countries. The meeting of Spokane will represent five billion acres of land. There will be no flights of oratory, but a wholesome exchange of experiences by farmers who are trying to gain a living from what was once considered the hopelessly arid tracts of the west, and who are trying to do their share in solving the problem of the country's food supply for all of us.

WARNING TO FARMERS IN THEIR SPRAYING OF POTATO PLANTS

Harrisburg, Pa., July 22.—A warning to farmers to be careful in the use of Paris green on potato plants has been issued from the state department of agriculture.

Judging from complaints which have been received during the last two weeks, farmers who formerly were sold impure paris green are now getting the real article. They have been using the real thing diluted no more than they have been accustomed to diluting it in the past. The result is that the paris green is applied to the potato leaves in far greater strength than formerly. This turns up the leaves and causes practically a total loss of the crop. Some farmers have reported that they will be lucky to get from the ground as many potatoes as they put in last spring for seed.

Much of the trouble is due to the fact that the farmers have not yet become accustomed to being sold pure paris green," said State Economic Zoologist H. A. Surface. "We have been getting many complaints of this character, and in each case we tell the inquirer to be careful and have his paris green sufficiently weak before it is applied.

"Years ago unscrupulous people made a lot of money by putting so-called paris green upon the market, which was very weak; sometimes it wasn't poisonous at all to the potato bug. Two things now operate jointly to compel the use of pure poison. One is the activity of the bureau of chemistry of the department of agriculture. Another is the act of May 29, 1907, which establishes a standard for paris green and imposes a penalty of from \$50 to \$200 fine for violating the provisions of that act."

These statements are corroborated by James W. Kellogg, chief chemist of the department, who says that recent samplings of the paris green show that practically all of this drug which is being sold in Pennsylvania today, is pure and of the standard strength. As recently as two or three years ago it was not at all uncommon to find some one who was selling alleged paris green which would probably have caused the potato bugs to fatten rather than to curl up and die, but now things are different.

"We have a notable exception the other day, though," said Mr. Kellogg. "One of our agents bought a sample of 'paris green' and the laboratory showed it to be a combination of silicious material and a green aniline dye—not a particle of poison in it which would be of any value against the potato beetle."

One thing which makes the burning out of leaves pronounced this year is that it is an exceptionally bad year for the potato bug.

The bugs were mighty bad last year," said Professor Surface today. "Pennsylvania had them in exceptionally large numbers, but I believe this year is just as bad, if not worse. The farmer must remember that by holding the beetles in check or killing them off this season he will have just so many less next season.

"He must be careful to weaken the poison sufficiently, however, in order to save his plants. In using paris green or arsenate of lead in powder form it should be mixed one part of either of the poisons to 50 parts of the slacked lime or some similar fine powder. No stronger solution should be used. Pure paris green or arsenate of lead will be sufficiently strong if mixed with 100 parts of powder.

"In making a liquid, use half a pound of paris green to fifty gallons of water or three pounds of arsenate of lead to fifty gallons of water. The amount of water can be doubled without weakening the poison too much.

"I prefer the liquid, for I think it is more effective, and I should advise every farmer to get a sprayer of some kind; he will find it a very valuable investment.

Oh be thou blest with all that heaven can send,
Long life, long youth, long Pleasure—
and a Friend,
Not with those Toys the Woman-World
admire,
Riches that vex, and Vanities that tire:
Let joy, or ease, let affluence, or Content,
Aid the gay conscience of a Life well spent.
Calm every Thought, inspire every Grace,
Glow in thy heart, and smile upon thy Face.

ALEXANDER POPE TO A LADY.

Series of Poet's Letters to Her, including Verses, Sell for \$775.

A series of eleven autograph letters of Alexander Pope, addressed to Mrs. Judith Cooper, and autograph verses entitled "Night Thoughts, a Fragment," were sold at Sotheby's, in London, a few days ago. The letters, eight signed and three unsigned, were written chiefly from Pope's home at Twickenham during 1722-23. They are in terms of sincere friendship and sometimes of ardent admiration. He sends these verses:

Easy Picking Now For Actor Folks



Chicago, July 22.—The smashing of the theatrical trust by John Cort has helped them to pick up for stage folks, and many of them who in trust lays had to seek places in New York, are now signing with western managers who can promise them busy seasons in the western Shubert houses. Leona Watson, who was with "The Climax" last season, and Adèle Rowland have forsaken the trust and signed with Mortimer H. Singer to

appear in Singer's Chicago theatres and companies. Singer gave them the choice of places in "The Flirting Princess," "The Goddess of Liberty" and "Miss Nobody from Starland." Singer, who was one of the trust standbys in Chicago, has gone over to the independents with the shows mentioned, and also "The Time, The Place and The Girl," "The Girl Question," "Honey-moon Trail" and John Barrymore's hit, "A Stubborn Cinderella."

Considerate Motorist—I'm awfully sorry I knocked you down—how you aren't hurt. Now what can I give you? Yokel:—Zur, zur, 'ow much do 'ee generally give?

IN THE WORLD OF BOOKS & AUTHORS

Hamlin Garland Writes Up-to-date Story with Conservation as Theme—Geo. Barr McCutcheon Believes He Has Lucky Day—Recollections of Mark Twain.

A ROMANCE OF CONSERVATION

Up-to-Date Story by Western Writer Tells of Pinchot's Dismissal.

Mr. Hamlin Garland's story of "Cavanaugh, Forest Ranger" (Harper and Brothers) tells us of Lee Virginia Wetherford. She was young and pretty. For ten years she had been away in the East amid refined surroundings. Returning to the home of her childhood at Roaring Fork her sensibilities were shocked. Her mother, a coarse woman, kept a boarding house. It was a dreadful place. Still she met Cavanaugh there. He was English born, but had been for twenty years in this country. He wore an olive green uniform. On his breast hung a silver badge with a pine tree in the center. He looked like a young officer of the regular army. His head was handsome, the lines of his shoulders graceful. "Most attractive of all were his eyes, so brown, so quietly humorous and so keen."

As a ranger Cavanaugh had charge of about 90,000 acres of territory. He had been one of Col. Roosevelt's Rough Riders in Cuba. The story says that he was loyal with the loyalty of a soldier and that his hero was the Colonel. It adds: "The second of his admirations was the Chief Forester. The story describes in detail the horrors of the boarding house. We only need mention the flies and the reek of the fried ham. Lee Virginia attacked all the horrors with energy. She accomplished wonderful reforms. While she was thus heroically engaged polishing the glassware, imposing napkins upon the embarrassed boarders, Cavanaugh arrested two poachers for shooting a mountain sheep. Trouble came of this. The poachers, of conservation, tried to release his prisoners when he brought them to town. Lee Virginia and her mother, each armed with a pistol and each managing her weapon with a steady hand, helped him stand the mob off. One of the poachers, an old sheep herder, proved to be Lee Virginia's father. He was supposed to be dead. He had been in prison in Texas for years. He had noble qualities. He nursed a man who had smallpox. He caught the disease and in his turn was nursed by Cavanaugh, who flinched at nothing.

Cavanaugh had plenty of trouble, but perhaps his most bitter heart-burned when he heard of the dismissal of the Chief Forester. "Yes, sir," said his informant, "the President has fired the chief, the man that built up this forestry service." The story says that Cavanaugh's young heart burned with indignation. He exclaimed: "Good Lord! What a blow to the service!" He uttered a groan of sorrow and rage. He said: "What is the President thinking of—to throw out the only man who stood for the future, the man who had built up this corps, who was its inspiration?" With bitter resolution he added: "That ends it for me. Here's where I get off. I'm through. I'm done with America with the States. I shall write my resignation at once."

He wrote it and mailed it. It certainly looked as though the country was going to lose him. His grief was acute. "His heart was swollen within his breast. He longed for the return of the Colonel to the White House." He asked himself regarding Mr. Taft: "What manner of ruler is this who is ready to strike down the man whose very name means conservation?" The question was too stupendous to be answered. "He groaned again and his throat ached with the fury of his indignation."

But forty-five pages further on we find some warrant for hope. District Forester Dalton, a powerful official, inquires of Cavanaugh at that point: "Would you accept the supervisorship of the Washakie Forest?" Taken by surprise and stammering Cavanaugh replies: "I might; but am I the man?" Says the District Forester: "You are." And not long after that all comes out well. Inspector Redfield says to Cavanaugh: "I have some cheering news for you. The President has put a good man in the chief's place. He was a student under the chief and the chief says he's all right." The inspector drew Cavanaugh's resignation from his pocket. "I didn't put it on file," he said. "What shall I do with it?" Cavanaugh took it and tore it up. Then it was possible for Cavanaugh and Lee Virginia to marry.

A letter to the author from Mr. Gifford Pinchot is published as an introduction to the story. In this Mr. Pinchot speaks of the kindness of Mr. Garland in letting him see the proofs of "Cavanaugh" and says that his (Mr. Pinchot's) respect and liking for the West will last as long as he does.

THE BUTTERFLY MAN.

Creator of Graustark Oil Believes 26th of The Month as His Lucky Day.

"The 26th of the month seems to be a fateful day for me," said George Barr McCutcheon recently. "I was born on the 26th of July and was married on the 26th of September. The other day I was looking over my journal or diary or whatever you call it. I keep a record of the day on which I begin and end the novel I am writing. Strange as it may seem, I began 'Graustark' on the 26th of December, 'Castle Cranecrow' on the 26th of September, 'The Day of the Dog' on the 26th of October, and 'Beverly of Graustark' on the 26th of November. I was not at any time conscious of this coincidence in dates and it has startled me into the belief that it has been my lucky day—so far, at least."

Mr. McCutcheon is a collector of oil paintings and rare books. In a mild way, as he expresses it. In his collection at present are an Israel, Bosboom, James Maris, William Maris, De Boek, Weissenbruch, Blommers, and Tromp of the modern Dutch

school, besides a Harpignies, Jacques Cazin, Jules Dupre, Diaz, Fantin-Latour and Schreyer of the French, also a few Americans and one or two old English writers make up another hobby.

Mr. McCutcheon is giving up his residence in Chicago this spring, and will tour the East in a Packard during the summer, afterwards making his home in New York.

VIEWS OF MARK TWAIN

Personal Recollections and Opinions of English Writers.

Some personal recollections and opinions of Mark Twain by English men of letters appear in a recent number of the Bookman of London. Arnold Bennett considers the humorist a divine amateur.

"I never saw Mark Twain," he writes. "Personally I am convinced that his best work is to be found in the first half of 'Life on the Mississippi.' The second half is not on the same plane."

"Episodically both 'Huckleberry Finn' and 'Tom Sawyer' are magnificent, but as complete works of art they are of quite inferior quality. Mark Twain was always a divine amateur, and we never would or never could appreciate the fact that nearly all Anglo-Saxon writers are half or totally blind) that the most important thing in any work of art is its construction."

"He had no notion of construction and very little power of self-criticism. He was great in the subordinate business of decoration as distinguished from construction, but he would mingle together the very best and the very worst decorations."

The praise poured out on his novels seems to me exceedingly exaggerated. I like his travel sketches. By their direct, disdainful valvete they remind me of Stendahl's. I should be disposed to argue that he has left nothing worth caring for a long time among us Anglo-Saxons, but not that he was complete enough to capture Europe."

Of interest equal to this opinion of Mr. Bennett is Jerome K. Jerome's account of his first meeting with the American humorist.

"Very few knew that Mark Twain was living in London," says Mr. Jerome. "Our little girls met at a gymnasium and revealed to one another the secret of his presence. So that I wrote to him, and he and his daughter—his wife, always a sufferer, was too ill to accompany him—came and dined with us in a little house that my little girl, after having a long time among us Anglo-Saxons, had told him for the rest of the evening. We sat talking, looking out upon the silent park, till pretty late; and it struck me as curious, turning back into the house after having seen him, and his daughter into their cab, that neither of us had made a single joke nor told a funny story."

"I met him perhaps some half a dozen times after that, but we were never alone again. In public he always carried a little wearily, so it seemed to me—the burden of the professional humorist, and at such times he thought wistfully of the man of deep feeling and broad sympathies of the grave, earnest, shrewdly whimsical thinker—I should like to have met and talked with again."

Some wonder whether he'll be "read" for long. Methinks 'tis sweeter To wonder what his spirit said To tickle grave St. Peter.

says J. J. Bell. "Mark Twain did not break the dullness of a drab enough world for millions of people. I cannot conceive of his quick, kindly humor being lost in a brighter place."

Mark Twain was always bigger than his books. His books did not make him what he was. There must be countless people who knew him and will remember him simply from things he said.

"When the Cunarder Lusitania—or was it the Lusitania—reached New York on her maiden voyage, and was shown over the wonderful vessel, and in the end he remarked: 'Well, I guess I must tell Noah about this, or words to that effect. No one but Mark Twain could have put it in that way, and the remark seems to me worth the volume of an ordinary comic paper. And now I can imagine Noah deeply interested in the man who told him the story of the ark. The ark of hundreds in connection with the ark."

THACKERAY'S LECTURE NOTES

Ms. Showing His Corrections of George II. Lecture Recently Sold

The manuscript copy of W. M. Thackeray's lecture on George II., written out by Charles Penman, with corrections in Thackeray's hand, was sold at Sotheby's in London a few days ago. It consists of forty-seven quarto pages, bound up with the printed text, an original ticket of admission to the lecture on the 26th of December, and a list of names of the guests given to Thackeray in Edinburgh April 2, 1857.

The manuscript, which is the printer's copy, differs in several particulars from the published version of the alterations and omissions being chiefly in the direction of propriety, or of discretion. Thus, for instance, in print, when his father's death is announced to George II. by Sir Robert Walpole, the King roars out: "That is one big lie." But in the manuscript it reads: "That is one tant lie." In the manuscript Sir Robert Walpole is called "Skerrit" in print. It reads that he does his drinking "at Richmond." A savage description of the King is omitted from the printed account of Queen Caroline's death.